The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1801.

A LETTER
FROM MR. POPE TO MR. STEELE,
ON SICKNESS AND DYING YOUNG.

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him, ſick and well: thus, one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and I hope have received ſome advantage from it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our early ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we then think of fortifying ourſelves within when there is ſo little dependence on our out works. Youth at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: it is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but, at the ſame time, is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the tranſactions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſure. When a ſmall fit of ſickneſs tells me the ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I'm e'en as unconcerned as was the honeſt Hibernian, who being a bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, "What care I for the houſe, I am only a lodger." When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpr ng as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they uſed to do. "The memory of man (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day." There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honorable age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſured by the number of years. But wiſdom is the grey hair to men, and an unſpotted life is old age. He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul," &c.

EDRIC OF THE FOREST.

[Concluded from page 158.]

For virtue can itſelf advance
To what the favorite ſons of Chance
By Fortune ſeem'd deſign'd:
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind.

FAIRY TALE.

THE deep and awful ſound of the caſtle bell, tolling the midnight hour, reverberated through every vaulted roof and dreary paſſage of the venerable building; yet the heart of Edric remained unappalled, all his preſent thoughts centering in his own adverſe fortunes; till at length, almoſt ſtupified by the impetuous working of his imagination, he fell into a perturbed ſlumber; his mind, harraſſed by the preceding events, ſtill conjured up diſturbing images: he fancied he beheld his guardian falling beneath the ſword of an aſſaſſin, and in a moment, by his ſuperior agility he reſcued him. Again, he believed himſelf in poſſeſſion of vaſt domains; his Eleanor came to welcome him; his arms expanded to embrace her,

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CHAPTER VIII.

But chiefly Love's the learned gloom that ſhades
Thy offspring, Rhadycina, and thy walls,
Granta! nightly liba ions there to him
Profuſe are poured, till from the dizzy brain
Triangles, circles, parallelograms,
Moods, tenſes, dialects and demigods,
And logic and theology are ſwept
By the red deluge. Joan of Arc.

ABOUT this period our hero experienced a mortification of another kind, far more bitter at the moment, and indeed, far more fatal of courſe, in the conſequences that followed. Here time, which heals moſt things, was of no ſervice to him; it rankled like a thorn in his ſide, and time only helped to make the wound leſs curable.—One giddy moment of thoughtleſs youth embitters a whole life, as one glorious opportunity, happily ſeized, may be a comfort to the end of it.

Mrs. Heriot and Miſs Modeley, accompanied by the young lady's father and Sir Sandy, arrived at Oxford.—Sir Harry was at College, and with our hero eſcorted them around the Univerſity. Mr. Modeley was not uncivil to Smith, and Sir Sandy he went with the tide. Mrs. Heriot was very glad to ſee him, and Miſs Modeley not leſs ſo. But the affected manners of our youth, ſince their laſt meeting in Wales, forcibly ſtruck Mrs. Heriot; the fair damſel herſelf, when queſtioned upon the ſubject, wiſhed not to ſee it. In the ſhort private conference the lovers had together, the amiable girl could not help perceiving the ſelf-ſufficiency which had made ſuch rapid advances in the manners of one ſhe ſo much eſteemed. He evidently adopted too much of the favored lover, talked a deal of himſelf, his horſes, and his more faſhionable acquaintance. When he attended to Mr. Modeley, he plainly ſhewed it was forced politeneſs, and openly ridiculed and deſpiſed the Baronet. From this weakneſs of our hero, Sir Sandy, who had a deal of art and cunning, truſted he ſhould find an opportunity to inflict a ſevere wound. It was not long before it offered. Sir Harry Valence invited the gentlemen to dinner, and a great many young men, acquaintance of all parties, met them at his rooms. Smith ſat at the bottom of the table, and attempting to make Sir Sandy drunk, he was, of courſe, conſtrained to drink a great many bumpers himſelf. Mr. Modeley being abſent a few minutes, Sir Sandy who was on his guard, and eaſily knew how to influence the paſſions of his rival, gave Miſs Modeley as a toaſt. Smith jumped up, and filling a large tumbler, ſaid, 'If you have the ſpirit of a man, ſir Sandy, pledge me in this.' He ſpoke and drank off the bumper. Flurried with what he drank before, inſtantly he loſt all caution, and ſir Sandy refuſing to drink the ſame, he haughtily called him a mean ſpirited fellow. The other irritating him by his looks, he continued his epithets, and ſwore he ought to be kicked out of the room. Sir Sandy ſneeringly replied, I am no drunkard, Mr. Smith, but I hope I am too much of a gentleman to uſe the language of a blackguard. Smith had his ſenſes ſufficiently to underſtand the application, and ſtaggered towards him. At this moment Mr. Modeley entered, and as the rivals were near the door, he offered to interfere. Smith puſhing him aſide, urged on. Sir Sandy did and ſaid juſt enough to irritate his opponent. Mr. Modeley caught him by the collar of his coat to detain him. Sir Harry, Lord Edward and others, made what haſte they could to ſtop the fray, but it was too late.—Smith indignant at being held in ſuch a manner, ſtruck Mr. Modeley violently on the arm, and with the force of the blow and his increaſing intoxication, fell at length on the floor. The company round lifted him up; he roared like a madman, and was forcibly carried away by his friends. Mr. Modeley and ſir Sandy immediately returned to their inn, followed by ſir Harry, who tried in vain to apologiſe for his friend. When they came to the inn, ſir Harry returned back to college; but ſome others, friends of ſir Sandy, ſtaid. Among theſe was Mr. Plauſible, who had ever conſidered our youth with a jealous eye, as likely to be a bar to his preferment; and a ſycophantic wretch of the name of Wireman, one of thoſe characters emphatically known at Oxford by the name of Tuft hunters: he was a great friend, viz. humble dependant of ſir Sandy Simeon Swain's; had ever hated Smith, who did not attempt to conceal how greatly he deſpiſed him. As ſoon as Mr. Modeley entered the room where his daughter and ſiſter were ſitting, he declared, in no mild terms, what had paſſed, and the others corroborated every word Mr. Modeley uttered. Wireman particularly magnified the atrocity of our indiſcreet youth's behaviour; and Mr. Plauſible, by pretended excuſes for his conduct made the affair ten times worſe.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

IN Meſſrs. *Yundt and Brown*'s paper of the 8th ultimo, I read an account of a very extraordinary meteor, which was ſeen on the night before, near the turnpike gate.—As phenomena of this kind are extremely rare in our latitude, I beg leave, through the medium of your uſeful Magazine, to offer to *Meteorological Obſervers*, and the learned in general, as a ſubject of ſpeculation, the following query; Whether or not the meteor ſeen near the turnpike gate, on Wedneſday night the 7th January, was what is vulgarly called the ſhooting of a ſtar?

For the information of thoſe who are willing to enter into an enquiry, I add, that about the ſame hour, on the ſame evening, ſeveral farmers, upwards of thirty miles north of Baltimore, obſerved a very ſudden flaſh of light, without knowing whence it proceeded, and one poſitively declares, that he actually ſaw the wood and fields as diſtinctly as he could have done at noon in a fair day, tho' it was an uncommon dark night.

However inconſiderable it may appear to ſome, I aſſure you, ſo familiar a viſit from ſuch a myſterious body, calls into *actual ſervice* the inquiſitive faculties of many people in the country: in fact, it has cauſed no leſs conſternation here, than the *Aurora Borealis* did a few years ago, when ſome conjectured that the world was on the eve of diſſolution, and that thoſe ſtreams of light, which they ſaw were the effects of the great conflagration already begun on the north pole.

Yours, &c. *E. O.*

Baltimore County,
January 18th, 1801.

IN this number of the "MAGAZINE" the ſtories of "*Schabraco*" and "*Edric*," are concluded; and the "*Hiſtory of Jack Smith*" is in progreſſion, the completion of which, on account of its being ſo much in demand, will be brought about as ſoon as poſſible, as well as a concluſion of "*Ildegerte*" and "*The Cottager:*" To thoſe who think ſufficiently well of this publication, to preſerve the numbers, it may be a ſatisfaction to learn, that every tale, hiſtory, or other thing commenced herein, will be completed before the end of the next quarter, not excepting "*Jack Martin*," which will poſitively be continued in the next publication of the Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP,

IS a tacit contract between two ſenſible and virtuous perſons, I ſay ſenſible, for a Monk, a Hermit, may not be wicked, yet live a ſtranger to friendſhip. I add virtuous, for the wicked have only accomplices, the voluptuous have companions, the deſigning have aſſociates, the men of buſineſs have partners, the politicians form a factious band; the bulk of idle men have connexions, princes have courtiers; but virtuous men alone have friends. Cethegus was Cataline's accomplice, and Mecenas was Otavius's courtier, but Cicero was Atticus's friend.

What is implied in this contract between two tender and ingenuous ſouls? Its obligations are ſtronger and weaker, according to their degree of ſenſibility, and the number of good offices performed, &c. The enthuſiaſm of friendſhip was ſtronger among the Greeks and Arabs than among us. The tales on friendſhip compoſed by theſe people are admirable; we have nothing like them; in every thing we are ſomewhat dry and jejune.

Among the Greeks, friendſhip was a point of religion, and an object of the legiſlation.

For the Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

ON MISS E—— B——.

HOW many dull, inſipid fools
There be—who taught in famous ſchool,
Puzzle their pates, with learning full,
(But ſome aſſert replete with wool)
To find the cauſe out of a meteor,
That whilom flaſh'd along our ſtreet here,
Had theſe ſame chaps applied to me,
I could have told them to a T
'Twas thus—upon the other night,
Juſt after cloſe of ſolar light,
The lovely B——— from window high,
Popp'd out her head to view the ſky;
And from her radiant eye ſo bright,
Sent forth a penetrating light,
Which ſharp as any Indian lance,
So keen 'twould make "the natives dance."
Flaſh'd forth, with powers all her own,
A light, illum'ning all our zone,
Which ſhooting forth in every way,
Made ſome folks think 'twas really day,
And others that doomſday was come,
And they muſt go to "their long home;"
But the real cauſe is what I told,
Which to the people pleaſe unfold.

A *WISE FOOL.*

When Francis the firſt, King of France, was to march his army into Italy, he conſulted with his captains how to lead them over the Alps. Amonil his fool, lying hid in a corner, ſprung out and adviſed them rather to take care which way they ſhould bring them back again!

had exerted its endeavors for that purpoſe, and he again at liberty to perſecute the helpleſs Sabrina

Soon after theſe events another occurred, which was productive of real joy to his wicked heart. True, he had once eſcaped the hands of juſtice, but the rod was ſtill ſuſpended. His companions were ſtill in the habit of raiſing contributions, of which he ſhared an ample part, for the link which held them together was their joint intereſt, and he knew not that he was impriſoned by one of them; but ſtill there was a poſſibility of diſcovery, and his tranſport was indeſcribable, upon hearing that the whole poſſe had quitted not only Calabria and Italy, but Europe, owing to a daring robbery they had committed, attended with circumſtances of almoſt unexampled cruelty.

It was then thought convenient for Stephano to quit the old building for a time, and he accordingly aſſumed the profeſſion of a merchant, under the name of Schabraco di Mendozi, appearing wherever buſineſs or pleaſure convened ſociety; and this purpoſely to avoid ſuſpicion. But as no one ſhewed any curioſity about him he ſoon returned to his Calabrian ſhelter, where he continued to reſide amidſt the agonies of an unſatisfied revenge (which nothing but Sabrina's entire deſtruction could complete) and the hourly dread of a full diſcovery.

The appearance of Rinaldo at the maſquerade, and his ſubſequent viſit to Calabria, with his ſtriking reſemblance of Sabrina, rouſed every dormant terror; yet the idea of another murder, added to that of the unhappy Leoni, was juſt then inſupportable; feelings, which, till then, held no place in his boſom, and took the likeneſs of compaſſion, and ſaved Rinaldo from his fury; and tolerably contented with the vow he had extorted from the amazed youth, he ſuffered him to eſcape. But as Schabraco's buſineſs was to detect the bare poſſibility of danger, his chief employment was to watch Rinaldo, whoſe embarraſſed countenance, and diſordered looks, while thus ſcrutinized, encouraged ſuſpicions in Schabraco's guilty boſom, which nothing leſs than his death could ſatisfy.

It was then the buſineſs of that bad man to contrive the likelieſt method to enſure his own ſafety; determining at the ſame time that the innocent Sabrina ſhould be in a very ſhort time, another victim to his infernal motives. No wonder then, that, diſappointed in the very inſtant his very purpoſes were about to be effected, the malevolence of his heart, unmollified by the danger of his ſituation, ſhould operate even to the haſtening of the awful moment.

It appeared from his incoherent expreſſions relative to Sabrina, that it was *her* murder he alluded to when ſurpriſed by Rinaldo at Calabria. The youth now became convinced it was his lamented father's aſſaſſination which paſſed with horror through Schabraco's mind, forcing, as it were, thoſe obſcure hints that ſo much alarmed the youthful Piozzi; who likewiſe attributed to the wretched man himſelf the groans he heard on that ſolemn night.

When ſignora Leoni was cautiouſly informed of her beloved huſband's fate, her grief more than kept pace with her joy at finding in Rinaldo her ſon, and in part her deliverer. Languid from long confinement and the trials ſhe had met with. Happineſs, although poſſeſſed of ſo many unexpected bleſſings, ſeemed to reject her ſuit, and ſhe almoſt deſpaired of obtaining that fleeting good: but ſhe was reſigned and forgiving. To Durandor ſhe accorded a ready pardon, nor would hear of Schabraco's emiſſaries in the Calabrian manſion, being brought to juſtice: agreeably, therefore, to her wiſhes, they were ſuffered to depart, and the houſe, with all its intricate and ſubterranean apartments totally deſtroyed. It was the chief deſire of her widowed heart to reſide with her ſon at Florence, where ſignior Leoni's eſtates were ſituated. Count Piozzi had no choice as to place of abode, therefore readily accompanied the ſignora to that noble city, where he ſaw Rinaldo Leoni (no more Piozzi) inveſted with the rich poſſeſſions of his murdered father, and took a melancholy pleaſure in ſoothing his unhappy ſiſter. Sabrina was thankful for his fraternal attention, but her chief conſolation aroſe from the hope of being ſoon reunited to the beloved huſband of her tendereſt affections. "I have reaſon," ſhe would ſay, "to know that trouble is the lot of humanity!—but I alſo know that patience and reſignation will ſmooth the aſperities of that rugged path; and I truſt that my ſubmiſſion will be acceptable to *Him* who prepares his children for a bleſſed eternity."

Her conduct juſtified thoſe ſentiments, and in a few months ſhe left a world (to her) ſo full of ſorrow, in the full aſſurance, that all her pious expectations would be verified; nor could the count and his nephew mourn for her emancipation from griefs, ſo complicated, ſo laſting, and (as to this earth) irremediable.

The friendſhip of Mercutio now ſhone forth in its fulleſt radiance: he was the friend, the companion, and the conſoler in ſuch moments as would ſometimes occur, of Rinaldo, and his valued uncle, proving, by his attention, that friendſhip is, indeed, the

True balm and rich ſweetner of life!

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 190.]

IN this fooliſh and ridiculous manner did he continue to anſwer, when he continued to anſwer at all; but when the queſtion was put to Symms, what kind of fellows had taken away their ſteeds, he anſwered, "I'll *ſhow* you in a moment." Then throwing himſelf into a lounging country attitude, knitting his brows, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, and lolling out his tongue, he began, "there—lie there now—ye ſons of bitches—damme—I've a mind—damme—to give ye a dozer at once, and then we ſhall have no blabbing, damme. This was a tall ſtooping fellow in a ſmock-frock." Then ſpeaking very quick; "Come, come, come, Jack; damnation, never mind; they've got a good birth of it, and we've cleared the deck.—A little thick fellow in a thick jacket." "A bit of a ſailor, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Smith; "well, we will ſee you ſafe to the public houſe, about a mile off, and then purſue the fugitives." To this Lord Edward and the reſt aſſented. At the public houſe they furniſhed themſelves with different weapons of offence, and ſet off. The purſuers croſſed the hill that Wiffle mentioned. It was now day light, and they were riding up to a lone houſe to make enquiries, when a fine mare that lord Edward rode whinnied, and was inſtantly anſwered by a horſe at no great diſtance. They all turned to the ſound, and perceived, on the high road, a few hundred yards from them, Symms's well-known ſtallion, and a tall man in a frock upon it. Lord Edward's mare repeating her note, the ſtallion leaped furiouſly from the road, and, in defiance of the ſtruggles of the rider, made towards them. There was a bank with a broad double ditch between them; the horſe leaped up-

on the bank, and seeing the ditch on the other side, paused a moment, then with a violent exertion more than twice leaped it. The rider, by the sudden shock, was thrown with great force upon the ground, and before he recovered his legs, Lord Edward and our hero had seized him. The stallion was easily caught. To their enquiries of the fellow, what was become of the other horse, he at first proved sulky ; but being promised, if he confessed every thing, he should not be prosecuted, he said, "that he had been to the fair, and lost what money he was possessed of at the gaming tables ; that his comrade, a sailor, an old acquaintance, was in the same situation ; that they had agreed together to retrieve their losses by robbing any one they could meet with ; that hearing some horses coming along, they had hid themselves in a narrow place in the hedge, and as the horses slacked their pace going up a steep hill, they had easily stopped them, robbed the riders, tied them on the ground, and rode off with their horses, threatening to return and knock out their brains, if they made the least noise. The other horse," he said, "could not be far behind, for he was certain the sailor would follow him as fast as possible." To their enquiries, "how he could think of coming back the same road?" he answered, "that the stallion had ran away with the sailor to the turnpike-gate ; that they had changed horses, and that ambitious of showing his own horsmanship, he had violently struck the stallion, who had turned short round from the gate, and galloped back with him surely against his will." Wiffle and Symms had ascended the hill, and seeing what passed, joined the party. The other horse with the sailor, soon appeared in full trot, while its rider, totally unused to such kind of action was banging up and down to each motion of the animal, and only by the balance kept himself from falling. The moment Wiffle saw his horse coming, and its ungracious rider, he desired some of the party to get into the road before the horse ; "I'll dismount the rider," said he, "if you will catch the horse." He hid himself therefore, in a lane by the side of the road, and the moment the sailor came opposite to the lane, Wiffle, very dexterously, threw his hat in the animal's face, who gave a sudden start, and tossed the astonished horseman into the ditch. The horse was caught and its late rider, in a woeful plight, was drawn from his muddy couch, and easily secured. "You see, Smith," said Wiffle, taking hold of his horse, "a practical explanation of Dr. Gobbo's favourite proposition, "that the two extremes of the same kind produce the means." This business began and ended in a wetting ; if the first left, the second has produced the means of—getting my horse. Since, then we have the means in our own power, let us also consult these extremes :" ridiculously alluding to the two fellows, who were in person and manners as different as possible : a short thick set sailor, whose every sentence teemed with some sea phrase ; and a tall lubberly country fellow, who had never seen the green water in his life. While they were debating how best to get rid of their prisoners, according to the promise made to the countryman, some sailors appeared on the road. The little fellow offered immediately to engage with them, and after a few minutes persuasion, his companion determined on the same, shrewdly remarking, "Perhaps, when I get out of my old ways, I may turn out an honest fellow at last." The gentlemen encouraged them in these good intentions, and offered to assist them in making the best terms. The party now came up ; it was a lieutenant, who was marching the new levy of sailors, lately raised in the country, to Portsmouth. He was willing to take the two new men, and offered them very advantageous terms, giving half the money on the spot. Our hero had been chiefly instrumental in persuading the country fellow to go to sea ; and when they parted, he was much surprised at the very cordial and even grateful manner in which such a poor instructed fellow thanked him for his good advice, and swore, if he ever returned to England an honest man, he would come to Oxford to thank him. Smith did not profess any warm wishes for the visit, but shaking him by the hand, said, "Well, my friend, my name is Smith ; you will find me at C. C. and let me advise you, once more, to make a proper use of your courage, and manfully fight against the devil ; and let no fears ever tempt you to do a bad action." The fellow said he would do his best, and the parties separated ; though Wiffle could not help remarking, that if the fellow took Smith's advice, he must then fight against himself, for he was certain the devil was in him.

When the gentlemen returned to Oxford, Smith, and the others of his college, were summoned before their head, for having missed the exercises of their college and being absent all night. They immediately attended, and had not been in the room five minutes, before the door was cavalierly opened by a gentleman, whom Smith had been acquainted with, and who had taken his B. A. degree about six weeks before. This person was since become a very great man ; had been elected a Member of Parliament avowedly to support the ministerial side. Superciliously smiling on our hero and his friends, he familiarly accosted the D. and, with affected ease, mentioned the unblushing honours that he at present bore. The Superior, whose dignity was naturally offended at the conceit of the man, coolly said, not deigning the least reply to his speech, "Sir, I am astonished you should appear, while you are a member of this community, before me, without your academical dress ; when you come in your proper person, I shall be willing to hear you." The D. then turned upon his heel, the young men laughed, and the self-approving politician sneaked out of the room.

The business with our party was soon settled ; they received a severe task, as a composition, each, and were confined to their college till it was finished. These punishments are not nominal, and the wilfully disregarding of them would probably end in expulsion. Smith, indeed, was not long in doing his ; but it was finished in so careless a manner, that he only got into greater discredit by the exercise, and was quite out of favour both with his tutor and the head of his college. In this manner it was day after day, Smith showed his indifference to his business, and neglected those duties he fancied himself superior to ; and thus it is that many a young man, who early in life discovers promising abilities, has all his opening blossoms overrun by the swift growing weeds of self conceit. Self-conceit (to use an old metaphor) is like the specious ivy that twines round the oak, which checks the growth of that excellence to which it owes its support.

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A FRAGMENT.

THAT union, sure, completely blest must prove,
Founded on *virtue*, just *esteem* and *love*,
Happy, thrice happy may you be through life;
He the best husband, you the kindest wife.

and he felt he graſped a ſubſtantial being!—Awaking with a ſudden ſtart, he found himſelf encircled in the embrace of a figure, whoſe hideous form at firſt appalled his ſcattered ſenſes. His blood chilled for an inſtant, but returning courage ſoon animated him, and ſeizing his dirk, would have plunged it into the heart of the ſtranger; who, perceiving his intention, haſtily drew back, and diſplayed his boſom already weltering in gore. The unnerved arm of Edric dropped the weapon, which the other as haſtily ſnatched from the ground, and ſurveying it attentively, uttered a wild cry of ſurprize and horror, and fainted away. Edric did not call for aſſiſtance, leſt there ſhould be a party of ruffians concealed, whom his noiſe might alarm, but alone endeavored all he could to bring the ſtranger to recollection, when, with a look of deſpair, he exclaimed——"I am dying: let the baron Waldeck be ſummoned, that I may, before my death, confeſs to him a piece of villainy, in which he is nearly concerned."

Loſing all other apprehenſion of danger in his fear of the poor wretch dying without aſſiſtance, Edric laid him on the bed, and inſtantly ſought the baron, who, with two domeſtics, tremblingly repaired to the haunted chamber. They advanced to the bedſide: the ſtranger raiſed his head, and, with a deep ſigh, gazed around him.

—"Orlando!" exclaimed the baron, ſtaring back with affright—"are you, then, my hidden foe?"

"I was," replied Orlando, in a mournful tone:—"but the hour of retribution is arrived. Liſten—oh, liſten, while I have yet ſtrength to relate a tale of guilt!"

All were profoundly attentive, and he proceeded.

"Fifteen years of eſtrangement cannot have obliterated from your remembrance our former friendſhip. I had a ſiſter, beautiful in form as odious in diſpoſition: her paſſion for you was violent, and you diſregarded her:—you married one of inferior fortune, of ſuperior endowments. I beheld her with eyes of deſire, and the revengeful machinations of the ſlighted Miranda taught my ſoul to glow with equal thirſt of vengeance. The chaſte Editha diſdained my overtures, but her fear of giving grief to you, reſtrained her acceuſation of your friend.—Miranda, inſpired with the hope, that the hated bar to her happineſs once removed ſhe ſhould ſecure you, entered with avidity into the moſt diabolical plot ever formed in the mind of man; which was, the forcibly carrying away your wife, and the deſtruction of your infant!——Fearing to entruſt another with our ſcheme, I undertook the infernal office—I plunged that dirk in the boſom of the helpleſs babe, but from an unſeen hand received a piſtol ſhot that levelled me to the earth."

Here the exclamation of Edric interrupted the narrator, who, baring his breaſt, diſplayed the ſcar; and, falling at the feet of the baron, cried in an ecſtaſy of tranſport,—"I am your ſon."

New life ſeemed to ruſh through every vein of the baron, as he ſtrained him to his breaſt: but the count Orlando, waving his hand again, expreſſed his wiſh of proceeding—"Your wife was conveyed to a gloomy fortreſs ſome miles diſtant, where I tried by every art in my power to win her to my purpoſe, in vain. Miranda was equally unſucceſsful in inſpiring you with the ſentiments ſhe wiſhed; when, in the paroxyſm of rage ſhe raiſed the dagger againſt you, which you detected, ſhe fled to me for refuge: but, alas! I ſhudder to repeat the horrid cataſtrophe! Unſatiated vengeance will find vent; and the injured, angelic Editha fell a victim to the infernal paſſion of her own ſex! ſhe periſhed by poiſon, which this guilty hand adminiſtered. Into what a ſea of blood was I plunged! Remorſeleſs conſcience ſtill haunted me, and I turned my vengeance againſt her who had inſtigated me to perpetrate crimes, at the bare mention of which my ſoul once revolted. Again were my hands imbrued in blood!—I fled the fortreſs, as though I would fly from myſelf, and joined a party of murderers that forage the country.—Knowing all the avenues to this caſtle, I recommended them to a ſubterranean paſs adjoining it, as a place of ſafe concealment; but, to enſure all in greater perfection, it was judged expedient, by odd ſounds, and dreadful noiſes, to intimidate the inhabitants of the caſtle from occupying that part of it adjoining the paſſages leading to our cave. The report of its being haunted gained but too ready credibility among a ſet of ignorant, ſuperſtitious people; and the diſappearance of your wife, murder of your child, and extraordinary conduct of Miranda, gave a horrid coloring to the ſuſpicions excited againſt you. Little remains to be ſaid, in conſequence of ſome plunder, about which we diſputed, a battle among our party enſued; and after a moſt horrid ſlaughter, part of the ſet fled, and I was left wounded as you ſee. A faint hope of yet making attonement for my tranſgreſſions inſpired me, and I crawled hither; and oh, may my guilty career prove, that happineſs is never to be obtained by treachery or a vain attempt to counteract the intentions of our Supreme Guide. I die a repentant ſinner; but I feel my crimes have been too great!"

Strong convulſions choaked his utterance, and, in ſpite of all medical aſſiſtance, which was immediately procured, after ſuffering three hours of unſpeakable torture, he expired.—As ſoon as they could with decency after the interment of Orlando, which was done as ſecret as poſſible, the remains of the baroneſs were brought from the fortreſs, and depoſited in conſecrated ground. This melancholy rite for a while revived the grief of Waldeck, but the pious and ſoothing conſolations of his ſon taught him a proper eſtimation of the bleſſing he poſſeſſed, and he was ſoon reſtored to happineſs.

Edric, now every obſtacle was removed likely to impede his union with Eleanor, entreated his father's permiſſion to ſeek her, to try if ſhe ſtill loved him: a trial he had too great confidence in her virtue to fear would turn out to his advantage. This obtained, he haſtened to the caſtle. The Count received him with open arms,—told him that many noble, illuſtrious ſuitors had preſented themſelves, but, for Edric, ſhe had refuſed them all. He led him to her. She received him with tranſports of chaſte love; and when he unfolded to them the diſcovered myſtery, the count, taking the hand of his niece, joined it with that of Edric; aſſuring them, that his happineſs was complete, now that he could, with honor to himſelf, confer it upon them. "But, my dear child," he added, turning to Edric, "let me ſuggeſt one idea to you:—the inglorious event of the ſcene you were lately in, renders it highly neceſſary that you ſhould again exert your arm againſt the rebels, nor ſecure your own private eaſe, when your country is in trouble. I would have my Edric ſhine no leſs ſplendid in public than in private life."

"You have anticipated my wiſhes," cried Edric, glowing with heroic ardor. "I wiſhed only to ſecure the prize, for the obtaining of which life was alone to me valuable. In the expectation of this ſweet reward, my courage will be invincible: and as I expect my father hourly hither, an uninvited viſitor, to ſee and confirm my

choice, I wait only his consent to fly to the performance of my duty."

Sentiments so congenial to his own filled the count with unconcealed admiration, which the approving presence of Waldeck confirmed. He beheld the lovely, blushing lady Eleanor, with the partiality of a father, and longed ardently for the hour that would be secured to his Edric; on whom he bestowed, at his departure, his fondest blessing.

No more an obscure wanderer, did the now happy son of the baron seek to rush into the arms of death, under the banners of the duke of Cumberland. He raised his name in the annals of fame, and the country rung with just praises of the youthful warrior. On the happy termination of the rebellion he was presented to royalty;—from whose hands, in token of gratitude for his signal services, he received the honor of knighthood, and returned a happy victor to his Eleanor's arms. Their union was now no longer deferred; the humblest peasantry for miles round partook of the general festivity; and the wonderful history of sir Edric became the chaunt of the village mothers to their infant sons; shewing them how courage, fortitude, and virtue, were rewarded! Age, instead of destroying, added lustre to the beauty of the fond couple. Calm serenity and virtuous innocence sat on their brow: and when the evening of life closed in upon them, they sunk as into the slumbers of a peaceful sleep, until their spotless souls waked into a happy futurity!

SCHABRACO.

[Concluded from page 148]

AH! little knows the poltroon that father Stephano and Hernando Piozzi are one and the same person. But am I not talking to an enemy? Yes;—thou basely gavest up the cause of thy master."—A slight convulsion checked the sid ebullition of unrestrained passion. His wounds again poured forth torrents; impelled by the turbulent emotions of his mind strong spasms succeeded; but not without some intervals, in one of which he beckoned to Durandor, and then pointing to a small chest—" if ever you obeyed me," urged the unhappy sufferer—" if you would make amends for your treachery—" destroy, I charge you—but I cannot—Durandor—Revenge,—Sweet—desirable—Durandor—burn—Oh!—" another convulsion prevented what he had further to say; and Durandor soon after beheld him cease to breathe. The contest was over; and his attendant shuddered at the shocking close of a life *he* so well knew to be fraught with almost every vice that can disgrace mortality.

Desirous of making every restitution the case would admit, Durandor no sooner recovered from the shock Stephano's had induced, than he hastened to Messina with the chest so strongly insisted upon by his master to be destroyed. Count Piozzi hastily forced the lid, and an icy horror crept through his veins upon discovering the insignia of an order which signior Leoni constantly wore, as also several rings of value, well remembered by the count to belong to that unhappy gentleman. These were covered by several papers, which proved, upon examination, to be a sort of memoir, written from time to time, and horribly expressive of the mind that could dictate its infernal contents. From what could be gathered from these, and the confession of Durandor, who had been deeply concerned in all the guilty secrets, Piozzi became full possessed of those motives which had produced such terrible consequences; we shall therefore give the whole of the events as connected in point of time.

It appeared, then, that Hernando Piozzi, an illegitimate branch of that house, had received an education to fit him for the church of Rome. His existence was unknown to the count; but Hernando knowing himself to be that nobleman's half cousin, and son to the then possessor of the title, conceived a design to become his legal heir, should the count die unmarried. This happened exactly as he wished; but there was still there an insuperable bar to his inheritance: Piozzi, the present count, whose father was also deceased, immediately claimed the honors of his house, and was duly established in them.—From that period Hernando, who was inconveniently situated with respect to pecuniary matters, determined to give full scope to his intriguing powers; and quitting his convent, journeyed to Leghorn, and in consequence of those powers became invested with the advantage of confessor to Piozzi's house.

Withheld by no moral ties, and laughing at the denunciation of a religious system, whose thunders he secretly defied, Father Stephano (no longer Hernando) viewed the gentle Sabrina as a proper object to gratify his criminal passions. It would be a glorious revenge for the disappointment they had innocently occasioned, to corrupt the purity of a guiltless heart, and make her the primary cause of much misery to a family he detested.—Besides, her person was charming, and would suit his voluptuous propensities. How far he triumphed is already seen, in respect to that unfortunate lady; but the signior whose death Piozzi had long lamented, was equally detested by their most dangerous enemy. His attempts to dissuade Sabrina from an acceptance of Leoni's offers was not so completely shrouded under a religious mask as to evade the suspicion of an ardent lover. He saw, and exposed the subtle sophistry of Stephano, but he could not trace to its source the infernal motive. Enough, however, of his dislike to this conduct appeared, to convince the Monk he must adopt another plan, and Leoni was marked as an additional victim to his baseness.

About this time Murandor was introduced by his subtle friend to Piozzi's service, and by the humility of his manners obtained a considerable degree of notice in his station. We have before observed, that Stephano possessed but a scanty share of fortune's favors, but it was in consequence of his misbehavior to his father, who saw his wretched propensity to evil, and stinted him accordingly. The assassination of Leoni, in which he was deeply concerned, opened to him a source of affluence. It was bro't about by his contrivance; for father Stephano, although confessedly a member of the Church of Rome, was connected with the most dangerous depredators in Calabria, and occasionally used the old house where Sabrina had been confined, as a place of meeting. To them he committed as much of his intention respecting Leoni as was sufficient to the sacrifice of that injured man, whom they robbed and murdered. His personal effects were extremely valuable, and Stephano was so excessively rapacious, that this rapacity had nearly proved his ruin; for one of the gang had contrived to accuse, without being seen in it, the man whom he had jointly sworn to stand by: and after seeing him in the hands of the police, the vile fraternity flew from Florence, and reached Calabria in safety. Stephano's deliverance, and the management antecedent to it, was a sure conviction that the church

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EFFUSION OF FANCY.

IN Howard's Park I ſaw ſweet *Charlotte* bright,
Like lovely Phœbus riſing after night ;
When beautiful he burſts to open view,
And glittering ſpangles in ethereal blue :
Such was the maid for whom I ſtretch'd my arms,
All night to fold her with her winning charms ;
All night in dreams methinks I'm wholly bleſt,
But morning ſuns proclaim that I'm diſtreſt ;
In vain I ſeek her in deceiving dreams,
In vain I ſeek her by the murm'ring ſtreams !
The thought is vain—when her dear hand I kiſs,
And revel ſweetly in a mutual bliſs—
Alas ! when half aſleep—O 'tis too much !
I think I feel her, and I think I touch—
Methinks I feel that ſweet, that tender breaſt,
That robs my boſom of its peace and reſt !
Then quickly I awake—but ſtarring tears,
Again awake me to my coming fears,
Which ſo inflame me that the cruel ſmart,
Not only touches, but diſtracts my heart.

Bereft of comfort, ev ry day brings woe,
Which makes my tears in greater numbers flow ;
The woes to come in varied proſpects riſe,
Depriv'd of comfort, hope forever flies ;
The opening grave has only charms for me,
Receive my ſoul, oh God ! to thee I flee ;
Puſh not thy child from thy almighty face,
And let thy *juſtice* not ſurpaſs thy *grace*.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Miss E—— E——.

ERE C—— it too late is,
Leave diſdaining and be wiſe,
Think how hard the maiden's fate is
Who outlives her killing eyes.

Love is like the tender ſwallows,
Which purſue the ſummer's ſun,
Youth's the ſeaſon which it follows,
And 'twill vaniſh when that's gone. W. E.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Miss S—— P——.

WHY yes my dear SALLY, 'tis juſt as you ſay,
The men are all apt to deceive—
But are not the ladies as faulty as they,
Who're ſo fooliſhly prompt to believe ?

When a fellow kneels down to ſome ord'nary face,
To breathe a few paſſionate ſighs—
And talk of vermilion, and lilies and grace,
Of daggers, and Cupids and eye s—

When he runs o'er the part which is conſtantly play'd,
O love ! in thy common-place ſchool !
And dies at the ſtrain of ſome rave-voice maid,
And praiſes the wit of a fool—

Who's then moſt to blame, prithee tell me my dear,
Nor look with ſo rigid an eye—
The virgin ſo weakly attentive to hear,
Or the lover ſo ready to lie,

W. E.

BEAUTIFUL SONNET.

AS I ſaw fair *Delia* walk alone,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
As *Jove* deſcending from his tow'r,
To court her in a ſilver ſhow'r ;
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſt,
As little birds into their neſt ;
But overcome with whiteneſs there,
From grief diſſolv'd into a tear ;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

EPIGRAM,

On the marriage of a lady of 63 years of age to a gentleman of 18.

HARD is the fate of every childleſs wife,
The thoughts of wedlock tantalize her life.
Troth, aged bride, by thee 'twas wiſely done,
To chuſe a child and huſband all in one.

ACROSTIC.

L UK'D by a glance, a ſmile, a word, a nod,
O ur fine affections idolize this god.
V ows, oaths, epiſtles, oft perſuaſive prove ;
E yes—are the ſweeteſt harbingers of LOVE.

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